

The Rrandom Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

My Mother Olive was a Witch and This I Know to Be True.

My mother, Olive, was a witch, and this I know to be true. From the moment I could comprehend the world around me, I was enchanted by the mysteries that surrounded her. Our home, nestled on the edge of a dense, ancient forest, seemed to hum with an otherworldly energy.

Olive was a woman of grace and power, her eyes a deep, knowing green that seemed to hold the secrets of the universe. She moved through life with a quiet confidence, tending to her garden with hands that seemed to coax life from the very earth itself. Her herbs and plants grew lush and vibrant, each one pulsating with its own unique energy.

As a child, I would watch in wide-eyed wonder as she brewed potions and concoctions, the air tingling with the scent of herbs and the distant promise of magic. She would tell me stories of the old ways, of witches and wizards who had walked this earth long before us. She spoke of a time when magic was woven into the very fabric of existence, when the boundaries between the seen and unseen were thin as gossamer.

Under her guidance, I began to learn the ways of the craft. She taught me the ancient incantations, the art of divination, and the delicate dance of balance between the elements. Together, we wove spells that mended broken hearts, summoned courage, and celebrated the cycles of the moon.

But it wasn't all enchantment and light. Alongside the beauty of magic, my mother spoke of the responsibility that came with it. She warned of the consequences of wielding power recklessly, of the importance of intention and respect for the natural order.

As the years passed, our bond deepened, a tapestry of shared secrets and silent understanding. We stood together under the silver glow of the full moon, hands raised to the sky, feeling the currents of energy flow through us and connect us to something greater.

But like all things, time wove its own spells. As the seasons changed, so did our lives. One fateful autumn, my mother's eyes, once so bright and knowing, began to dim. The fire that had burned within her, fueling her magic, flickered and waned.

We spent her final days together, surrounded by the familiar herbs and artifacts that had been our companions for so long. She looked at me, her gaze now softened by the passage of time, and whispered, "You are the keeper of our legacy now, my dear."

With her passing, I felt a profound sense of loss, but also an unshakable resolve. I would carry on her legacy, honoring the traditions she had passed down to me. I would tend to the garden, brew the potions, and pass on the wisdom of the old ways.

And so, as the seasons turned and the moon waxed and waned, I stepped into the role she had prepared me for. With each passing day, I felt her presence woven into the very fabric of my being, a reminder that her spirit lived on in the magic that flowed through me.

My mother, Olive, was a witch, and this I know to be true. Her legacy lives on in me, a continuation of a lineage that stretches back through the ages, a testament to the enduring power of magic and the love that binds us across time and space.

By Donald Jay